

This is a UNITY Publication

# Youth

*For Everybody*

15¢

## AUGUST



On Sale at Leading News Stands

*Eyes that disregard the rain see the rainbow*

ERNEST C. WILSON, *Editor*

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Cover drawn for *Youth* by *Gene Thornton*

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# Let's Talk It Over

*By Ourselves*

## Thou Shalt Not "Alibi"

"I WOULD have a lot of money if my wife weren't so extravagant." "I never can invite friends to the house, because my family is so old-fashioned."

"I can do just as good work as John Brown, but he has all the luck."

"I'd have passed the examination easily, if any one else had graded the papers."

"I should like to fit myself for a better position, but a fellow doesn't feel like studying after spending all day at the office."

These are "alibis"!

"Alibi" in its properly accepted meaning is not the "alibi" referred to here. The sense in which we use it is in its popular though not yet proper meaning of "an invalid excuse." Our plea for introducing the improper use of the word is that many of us have introduced its improper meaning into our lives. We too often try to substitute an "alibi" for results.

"Thou shalt not 'alibi'" should be the eleventh commandment. Always to have an "alibi" to give, is always to give an "alibi."

"Alibis" are possibly the least original thing in the world. Everybody has them. They are a universal malady. On the Tree of Life, whose leaves are for the healing of the nations, there should be one generous leaf for the healing of "alibis."

Occasional excuses may be justified. It is when they become a habit that they become pernicious. They are a good thing to have only when they are sincere and warranted. Honest excuses enable us to forgive ourselves for mistakes, and to go on past them to attainments which we might not reach without their aid; but they are for our individual use, not to be aired and paraded.

No one cares to listen to our excuses. Every one has plenty of his own.

They are valuable to us if they explain a failure or point a problem in such a way as to help us to improve, but they must be used with great moderation if they are to perform a genuine service for us.

We cannot afford to make any excuse for ourselves which is not valid. There is something within us that recognizes a poor excuse, and which deprecates it. We drop in the estimation of our own higher self when we "alibi."

## A BIGGER YOUTH MAGAZINE

MORE stories, more illustrations, many of them in color, and almost half again as many pages, will greet you in the next—the School Number—of *Youth*, and in following numbers.

Everybody goes to school nowadays; young people, their parents, and even their grandparents. Everybody will enjoy the School Number of *Youth*, and succeeding numbers of our new larger magazine. Now is an excellent time to begin new subscriptions. No increase in price.

# Dad and Company

## A Ne'er-Do-Well Does Better

By George N. Madison

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"NOW," began Uncle Ben, rubbing his chin nervously, "I don't want to say a thing that will make you think any less of your father, but—" He paused and looked stealthily about the rather shabby living room, as if he feared some one might be hidden and listening—behind the dilapidated morris chair, for instance, or in the bookcase that had a broken glass. "I have a proposition to make to you, and we've got to get down to brass tacks and understand each other."

Don Cameron made no comment, though his curiosity had been growing steadily since Uncle Ben, on this, the third day of his visit, had maneuvered the others away from the house on one pretext or another, and hinted slyly that Don should "stick around."

"Your father," resumed Uncle Ben, "has twice as much brain as I have. You know that, don't you? Yet I am ten times as prosperous. Ever wonder why? Your father went to college—I didn't. He married the only daughter of a well-to-do man; I—married no one. Your

father has had a thousand good ideas, a hundred promising jobs, and influence in his profession. Everybody likes him, wants to help him. Can you fancy anybody falling over himself to help me?"

"Nobody'd figure you'd need it," grinned Don, noting the broad shoulders, big, capable hands, stubborn chin, and independent bearing of his uncle.

"Humph!" grunted Uncle Ben, "Your father doesn't look like a weakling, either. Yet your father, in spite of his brains and the help he has had, keeps just one jump ahead of the sheriff! Now, don't get huffy; I know how loyal you are to your dad. So am I. But the fact remains that I have money and he hasn't. Now you're only eighteen and not out of high school for another two weeks, but you think once in a while. What do you think is the reason?"

Don had a strong impulse to blurt out the reason often advanced in frank home discussion—that every time Uncle Ben got a dollar he strangled the eagle before he put the dollar in his pocket, so it couldn't fly away—but he thought better of it. "I expect it's because you're a better manager," he suggested.

"It's because," and in his earnestness Uncle Ben wagged a ponderous forefinger impressively under Don's nose, "about the first thing I learned is that a dime in my hand is worth a dozen in the other fellow's pocket. When opportunity comes knocking at the door, it's your hand, not the other fellow's bank book, that must turn the knob to let her in. How many times have you heard your father say, 'I've got a winner—if I only had the capital to swing it'?"

Don winced; the last occasion had been painfully recent.

"But I'm not starting in on a long-winded lecture—or slam-





"— just one jump ahead of  
the sheriff!"

ming your dad just for the sake of slamming. I only wanted you to see what I was driving—" He interrupted himself abruptly. "Planning to go to college?" he demanded.

"Not exactly planning," replied Don. "If I had the money—"

"If you had the money! Your dad's own son!" exclaimed Uncle Ben, but indulgently. Still, Don flushed hotly.

"Suppose I told you I'd furnish the money?" Then, as he saw the eager light in Don's eyes, he added: "On certain conditions. I like you, Don. I like your dad, too; ought to; he's my own brother, but I couldn't help liking him if he weren't; though liking him doesn't make me blind to his faults. I'm certainly not going to send a boy through college just for the sake of cultivating those same faults in you. Want to hear the conditions?"

Don nodded emphatically.

"Thrift—one word, one condition. Going to work this summer?"

"If I can get a job—which I am sure I can," he added quickly, at Uncle Ben's teasing smile.

"What were you planning to do with the money?"

"Go to college on it, when I get enough."

"Good! That's the first step toward thrift—ambition. How much could you earn by fall?"

"Three hundred, maybe."

"And save?"

"Half of it, I expect."

"Humph," sniffed Uncle Ben. "Not so ambitious as I thought. Could you have two hundred dollars in the bank by September fifteen?"

"I could try mighty hard!"

"You do that. If you succeed, here's what I'll do: For every dollar of the two hundred or over you have, I'll add five dollars, and next summer the same."

"If I don't make the two hundred mark?"

"Well," Uncle Ben replied dryly, "you'll have what you have; and I'll be a thousand ahead! But if you save two hundred dollars—and you can—it'll buy you a year at college. If you haven't got the money, you can't buy, that's all. There's one other condition, on your word of honor: No one else is to know of our agreement. Are you game for a try?" getting up and sticking out his great hand.

"Game!" exclaimed Don, putting out his hand, and not even wincing at the vigorous squeeze which it met.

"I might even help you get a job," began Uncle Ben, but Don objected.

"I'd rather stand on my own feet—as far as I can."

"Good boy! Here's hoping you make the grade. There come your mother and your sister Bess—not a word to them, you



understand. Nor Dad—especially Dad!"

"Mum's the word," smiled Don happily. "Boy, but it's wonderful to have a real hope to work for! I figured it'd be three or four years before I could expect to make it."

"Well," replied Uncle Ben crisply, "whether you go now or not, what the next few months can teach you will be worth several years of your life. Hello, Sis Hopkins," as Bess and her mother entered, "ready to take that lesson in driving you teased me for yesterday? If so, I'll trundle the old gas eater out of the garage and tune her up."

"Mother, you find something for Don to do, so he can't go along. He rattles me so from the back seat."

"I fancy I've given him a job already," hinted Uncle Ben, "that will keep him from rattling anybody. Come on, chauffeur, let's go."

**D**ON was about to go upstairs to his own room, but his mother called him.

"Son," she said, "I want you to do an errand for me. Run down to the market and get me some things for dinner; and if he'll let you have it, you might get supplies for Sunday. Here's the list. Tell Mr. Berg your father will be in to pay for it this evening—sure."

"Aw, boy!" said Don unhappily, but he went.

On the way he met his father. "I'll go with you," suggested Dad. "I'm a bit more used to asking credit than you are," he laughed, "and I'm a visible evidence that the bill will be paid some day, when money isn't so tight. Business is so rotten that if it changes at all it'll have to be for the better. At that, I've got a real idea—a winner—if I can just raise the capital to swing it."

Don winced inwardly—Uncle Ben's very words; and yet, "the best dad a fellow ever had," he told himself loyally. Aloud he asked, "Does it take much?"

"Well, not over a thousand times what I've got! But I know where I can get the half of it—if I can raise the other half. If Uncle Ben wasn't such a six per cent safety financier—"

"Have you asked him?"

"Going to. It'll really be doing him a favor, but he'll never see it that way. Well, you let me do the worrying about that. Anyway, here's the market, and that's a much closer worry."

No one would ever have suspected him of worry as he approached the proprietor. "Morning, Berg. Is this the home of cheerful credit—or does my family starve till Monday?" Then, before Mr. Berg could reply, "How many Saturdays have I sung that at you?"

"Vell," genially, and poking Don in the ribs, "your family ain't starved yet, Mr. Cameron. Your singing has always got the right tune and a good chorus afterwards. Vot'll it be dis morning?"

As they walked homeward, each carrying a package, Mr. Cameron chuckled: "He knows I'll probably have to borrow the money to pay him, but he knows I'll pay. Next thing to having cash is having good credit. The fellow who always pays cash, never has credit when he needs it."

"If you have the cash you don't need the credit."

"Quoting Uncle Ben? Don't ever think it, Son. It takes a peculiar temperament to succeed all by one's self, all on one's own resources. Credit, friends, and a good name, are the best assets a man can have. I lost twenty-five thousand dollars last year—but not a single friend. When you are measuring your dad with Uncle Ben, think of that, Don."

He said it quite seriously. Don had an uncomfortable feeling that his thoughts were being read. "Nobody could measure up to you!" he exclaimed.

Mr. Cameron was not one to let grass grow under his feet, no matter what other faults he might have. "Run along to the office with me, little feller," he suggested genially to Uncle Ben right after lunch. "I've got a big deal on that I'd like to rope you in for. It's a hundred per cent and a quick turnover and I can let you in on the ground floor."

"And not a word said about the leaky roof! I've a lazy spell on—too much good dinner. What's the matter with right here and now?"

"I wanted you to meet the man who's going to fix the leaky roof. He wants to come in with half."

"Um. And me?"

"The other half."

"And you?"

"I'm the man who has the idea."

"Hum," grunted Uncle Ben dryly. "Well, trot out your dope: but I warn you I'm not in an investing mood."

They retired to the living room, where

for two hours Don could hear their voices drone on, the drone interrupted only by Uncle Ben's occasional high-pitched exclamation, "Can't see it—can't see it at all!" It was evident that he still couldn't see it when, at the end of the two hours, they emerged. Uncle Ben's face was a

and Don a straight look in the eye, with a low, "I'll see you September fifteenth."

**T**H E following week was full of excitement for Don. Final exams, class party, commencement, alumni reception—he had no time for dreams of the future.



*"It's a hobo crew . . . tramps, bums, drifters, crooks."*

bit red, and Don noted that his father's face was a bit white, but there was a smile on his father's lips.

"No hard feelings, Ben," he reminded. "It wasn't just fair of me to spring it on you anyway, while you are my guest; but Rawley fell for it so hard, and my own faith is so strong—well, we can't all see things the same way. Got a date to fight it out further with Rawley at four, so I'll trot along."

That was the last mention of Rawley, or of finance, during Uncle Ben's stay. A week later, as he left for the big city, he gave them each a hearty handshake

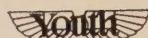
Saturday morning, after it had ended, he overslept. It was nine o'clock when his mother's repeated calls aroused him.

"Loafing time's over, young man," she scolded him playfully, as, his hair still tousled, he drew up a chair at the breakfast table.

"I'll say," he yawned heartily. "Where are Sis and Dad?"

"It's the middle of the forenoon—your father's at the office. Bess has gone to help Mr. Berg in the store; he thinks he can use her as cashier."

"I'm the lazy one. Well, I'll have a job before I'm much older."



"Your father wants you to come to the office—he has something in mind for you, I think."

"At the office? I—I'd rather have a regular job!"

"Well, run along and talk it over with him; there are worse people to work for than your father."

"Oh, it isn't that!" but Don didn't explain what it was. Breakfast over, he dressed hurriedly and walked briskly down town to his father's office.

The outer door was open, and the inner door slightly ajar, so Don called: "It's just Don, Dad!"

"Come in, Son." Then as Don entered, "Meet my new partner, Mr. Rawley. This is Don, Lafe."

"We've just been quarreling over you," said Mr. Rawley with a grin. "I've got a son, too, and we both want to fill that chair in the outer office."

"Fight's over, then," laughed Don. "I resign in Howard's favor. I want a real job, for a he-man. Me for the wide open spaces—I crave action!"

"I know just the job for you, then," exclaimed Mr. Rawley. "You go see Rascoe—he'll be at the Burlington yard office till noon. He's the roadmaster, you know. He tried to talk my boy into taking a job as timekeeper for a construction gang, but Howard's mother wouldn't let—"

"Don's got a mother, too, you know!"

"She'll say yes if you do, Dad. But I had better find out if I can secure it first. I'll see Mr. Rascoe right away, before he tries to talk some one else into it—he might hit an orphan next time!" With a hurried good-by, he clattered out of the office and down the stairs. Just as he reached the tracks, three men were trying to lift a hand car onto the rails. It was a heavy lift, as there was only one man at one end.

"Here," called Don, "slip over and I'll give you a hand."

As Don turned away after the car had been set on the track, one of the men asked, "Where you goin'?"

"Yard office."

"So are we; hop on and ride. It beats walking—but not much."

"Faster, but harder," grinned Don, jumping aboard and settling to the handles.

"You're young Cameron, aren't you? I know your dad."

"Yeh, I'm Don."

"Looking for a job, I s'pose. Just graduated, didn't you? Why don't you go in with the old man? No white collar jobs down this way."

"I wasn't born with a white collar on," retorted Don; "this one came with the shirt. I'd trade it for a pay check any day."

"I might give you a job," remarked the man, letting go the handles to size Don up. "I'm the yard track foreman—I'll be putting on a few men, I think. I'll know as soon as the roadmaster says the word."

"He's the man I'm going to see—Mr. Rascoe. I was told he was looking for a timekeeper."

"Timekeeper, eh?" mockingly. "Think that's a soft job, huh?"

"I haven't the slightest idea."

"Toughest job on the railroad," croaked the slightly built man who was working the other handle. "I know. My first railroading job—came close to being my last. You do as much work as a section hand, have as much responsibility as a foreman, at half the pay. You get all the blame for everybody's mistakes, and if you make one of your own, they shoot you. Step on the brake, kid—here's the yard office!"

As Don stepped on the brake, before the car had slowed down, the man dropped off and strode across the network of tracks.

"Thanks for the buggy ride," said Don, as he too jumped off the car.

"You earned it," was the reply. "If you don't land your job, come down to the shanty yonder and talk with Jim Throop—that's me. The yard office is that long, flat building behind that switch engine. And Roadmaster Rascoe—that's the man who just got off the car!"

Followed by the loud chuckles of the two men, Don hurried across the tracks.

"Well!" exclaimed Mr. Rascoe, stopping abruptly as Don caught up.

"You know what I want, Mr. Rascoe!"

"How do I know what anybody wants! I know what you think you want. But you don't want it. There are ten reasons why you don't want that job, aside from the fact that you don't know the first thing about railroading. It's away from home, in the first place; miles from any

(Turn to page 30)

# The Mind That Sings

## A Joyous, Youthful Way to Pray

**H**ERE is a joyous, youthful way to pray. Let your prayers sing themselves into your heart, and from your heart out again into your life, and beyond your life into the lives of others.

Do you ever discover a tune singing away in your mind? You may not remember inviting it, but there it is, and it goes on singing itself over and over again, until you consciously displace it, with another.

Sometimes this tendency of the mind to sing is amusing, sometimes it is interesting, and sometimes it is annoying; but it can be made very valuable.

You can make it valuable in a very simple way. Set words to the tunes. The tunes may have had words of their own. You may even know the words and associate them, not always helpfully, with the music; but with a little thought, often you can substitute a statement of Truth for the words of the song—a statement that will be a constructive help to you in the accomplishment of your ideals.

The writer has fitted such statements to several melodies in this manner; words that do not necessarily bear any artistic relation to the music, but link constructive ideas with some of the tunes that he finds singing their way through his thoughts.

To Kreisler's "The Old Refrain," for instance, he has fitted several statements that sing themselves over and over again with each successive phrase of the music. One of them, for health, is worded:

*God is my perfect health, and I am healed.* It fits the rhythm of the music, and may be repeated with the music over and over again.

Other statements, fitting the same rhythm but applicable to other needs, are:

*God is my wealth abundant; all is mine.*

*God is my happiness; His joy I share.*

*God is my help unfailing; all is well.*

To the Negro spiritual, "Going Home," which is the theme of Dvorak's "New World Symphony," it will be found that the following statement is applicable:

*Peace for you, peace for me,*

*Peace for all the world.*

Schumann's beautiful "Traumerei" makes a charming setting for the following meditation:

*Lord Christ, I've laid all my desires on Thy altar and I rest in Thy graciousness.*

Elgar's "Salut d'Amour" provided the inspiration for this statement:

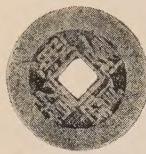
*Here, Father God, am I; use me now.*

Such a list as this may be extended indefinitely. The compositions mentioned are all widely known, and are available, on sheet music or on phonograph records. They form a pleasant background for meditation, and are a simple aid to concentration upon an affirmation. Using the statements, or other similar ones, to music soon fixes

the association in the mind, and then whenever either thought or melody comes to mind again it arouses memory of the other. There is something fanciful and beautiful as well as practical about such singing prayers as these. To meet some adverse belief or problem with a realization of Truth, and to go on with whatever tasks the time demands, with



the realization silently singing in our hearts as we go—surely this is a joyous, youthful way to call forth God's good into our lives!

 SANDSY'S rebellion began, outwardly at least, that memorable morning at Hazelhurst High when Professor Pryor directed a sarcastic harangue at Robert (Sandsy) Sands. Sandsy's pal, Larry, came to his defense.

Brook Carrington, an older friend, tells them of a Chinese coin, which he calls the "Look-see," and which he says will tell them the true answer to any question. It seems to work.

Dale Drayton and his friends persuade Sandsy to join them in playing a practical joke on Professor Pryor—a joke in which a Ford car is wrecked and the driver is injured. Dale and his friends make it clear that they do not intend to share the blame. Then Sandsy learns that the driver's injuries are slight, and he and Larry decide that they need not shoulder the blame publicly, but will make amends secretly for the trouble they have caused.

They meet the famous stage and screen comedian, Will Rock; see his show from back stage, and meet his son, Fred. Their troubles are forgotten until they return home, where they are greeted with the news that Dale Drayton has confessed his part in the Cayson affair.

After consulting the Look-see, Sandsy and Larry decide to take their Ford out to Cayson's, and then follow Dale's lead. On their way to the home of the injured man they hear that Cayson's injury will make him lame for life, and that he intends to sue Drayton for \$20,000. Larry still wants to go through with their plan, but Sandsy becomes disheartened, feeling that even his pal has turned against him. They return home in the car to find visitors awaiting them.

(This story began in the February issue of Youth magazine.)

I COULDN'T do anything but get out of the car and go over to them, and Larry came along. It seemed queer to me to see Will Rock in ordinary clothes. All we'd seen him in were his underwear and the show clothes. Now he had on a gray business suit and a white shirt. Fred had on white flannels and he looked about ten years older than you'd think. He seemed grown up—old. He was a queer kid.

I was embarrassed, partly because

# Sandsy's

## Will Rock Has a Name

By Gardner

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Will Rock was such a great person, and partly because I felt as if he could see how mean I was feeling. But when we reached the steps, he came down and put out his hand. When I shook hands I felt those hard callouses of his, and I got the same idea about him that I'd had before when I touched his hand. He's been through such a lot, I thought, to get where he was.

He said he was afraid they'd missed us, but was glad they hadn't. He and Fred were out for a drive and just looked us up, he said. And so I asked Mrs. Mellon to bring us some fruit punch, and we shook hands with Fred and said we were glad, and all that. I wasn't, you can believe, especially because Fred just sort of looked me over as if he were sizing up my clothes. I didn't like him any better than I had before.

I don't know all we said, only we asked whether Brook Carrington was with them, when it was plain enough he wasn't. And Mr. Rock said Brook had gone upstate with some friends for a week. I hadn't made up my mind at all to go and tell Brook Carrington anything, but when I found out that he was away and I couldn't, then I thought it was just my luck.

Well, Mrs. Mellon asked me if I didn't want them to stay to dinner, so I said yes, and they stayed. There wasn't anything else to do; and we got to playing with Spin and making him do tricks and things, and somehow quite a bit of time passed.

ALL we said and did doesn't matter so much, until after dinner, when Larry and Fred got out on the lawn with the Collie and left Will Rock and me on the porch together. Then what

# Rebellion

## Problem Whose is Fred

### *Hunting*

ANDERSON PHOTOS

happened is important, for Will Rock asked me right out, "What's the matter, old man?" like that.

I don't know what happened to me. He startled me so that I hadn't wits to dodge and cover up. I don't know that I could anyway, feeling as I felt. I remember how he looked at me with his quiet, easy eyes, which I thought had seen such a lot. I started to answer and then, all of a sudden, I just went blind and choked up. Ready to break, that's right! I pretty nearly yelled, I know that. And Will Rock saw how it was, I guess; and he put his hand on my shoulder. I could feel how rough it was through my shirt.

"It's not so bad as that, son," he said.

Well, it was. I was ashamed to bleat, I'll say; but first thing I knew, he had me going. And, say, but I was glad that Larry and Fred had gone off somewhere, for I had to get out my handkerchief and dry my face. That's what a fool I made of myself; but that's the way it got me. Sympathy always gets you worse than wallops, I think. And before I knew it, I was telling Will Rock, the greatest funny man in the world, the whole of my tale of woe, that was a long way from being funny, I'll say!

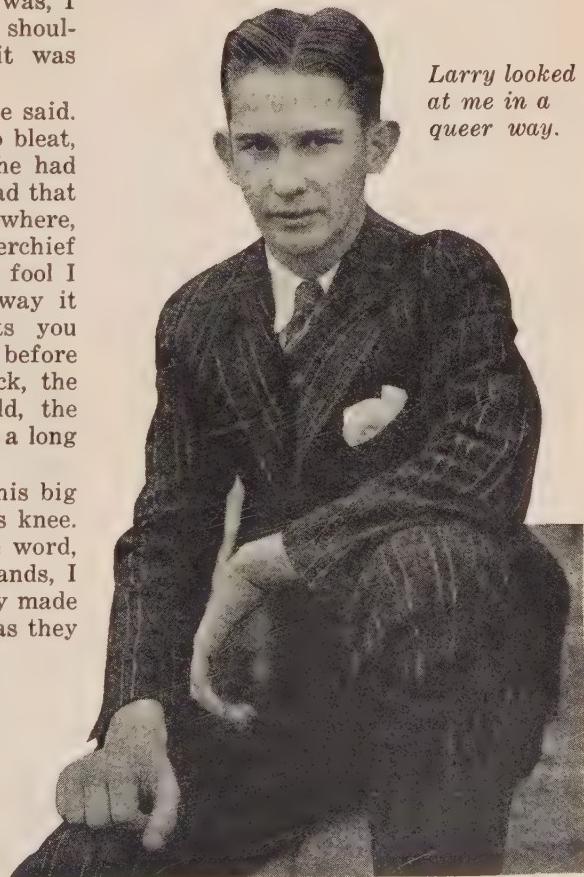
Will Rock just sat there, with his big hands clasped together around his knee. They looked so—I don't know the word, but I guess it's competent—his hands, I mean. They sort of got me. They made you know he was such a he-man, as they say. Nothing soft about him. But the way he listened to me blubbering over my troubles, and just nodded his head without batting an eye! I don't know how to write it in good English, because when I try now it doesn't seem to mean anything that it meant then. But

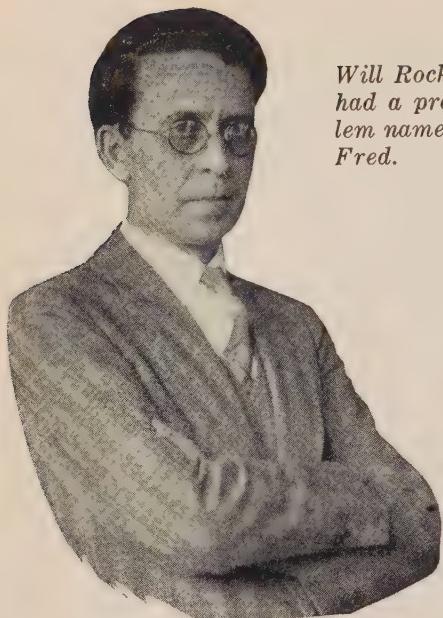
he just sat tight and didn't cut in, as if he didn't think I was making an exhibition of myself, but as if he'd been through all sorts of trouble, too.

Well, that was surely good for me, all right, because I suppose I'd been thinking nobody was ever up against it before. I know he was trying to hand me just the right line of stuff; but he didn't know how I kept looking at his hands. It seems funny, doesn't it? He had made his hands hard learning to be an acrobat and a dancer and jumping over elephants. Say, that's one on me, isn't it? Jumping over elephants didn't make his hands callous. I'll let it ride, though, because it really tells what I mean. Being a great athlete like him doesn't just happen. It means rough stuff; but the rough stuff had made Will Rock know something besides stage tricks. He knew how to sit there and let me tell him all I knew without ever making me feel that it was baby stuff.

Well, of course, I got through after a while. Then, when it was up to him to

Larry looked  
at me in a  
queer way.





*Will Rock  
had a prob-  
lem named  
Fred.*

say something, he looked at me and his sober eyes sort of lighted up, and he raised his eyebrows and his shoulders and unclasped his hands and opened them up. And it was like light, like the sky coming clear. I don't know—he was like that. Maybe that was the thing that made him so popular on the stage—people felt that in him. The next thing he did was to reach in his pocket and take something out; and he took hold of my hand and turned it palm up, and put the thing in it and shut my fingers over it.

I knew what it was, all right, the minute I felt it. It was the Look-see. I stared at him; but he didn't laugh then.

"Listen, old chap," he said, just as if we'd been discussing it all the time, "There's something to it, see?"

I hung on to the little thin thing in my hand. Because Will Rock said there was something to it, I wanted to know what he thought.

"Brook Carrington gave me that coin," Will Rock said.

"He gave me one," I told him.

He nodded. "All right," he answered, "then you haven't been using it."

"What?" I said.

"Or if you've used it, you haven't done what it told you to do, have you?"

"I don't know that it told me anything," I answered. But I remembered.

"Did you give it a real chance?" he asked me.

"I don't know," I said.

"You'd know if you did. When the Look-see gives you a hunch, you know it; that is, if you're on the level with yourself."

"A hunch?" I said. Then I told him that Brook Carrington had said it would make you wise.

"Well, a hunch is the beginning of wisdom," Will Rock said, almost as if it were a verse he was quoting.

I don't remember exactly all he said, but that was about it. And all at once he leaned forward, looking very serious.

"Look here, Sandsy," he said. "I've learned something I wouldn't take my right eye for from that little Look-see coin. Take a tip from me. You try it. Try it right, see? Give it a chance. When you turn in tonight, you take your coin in your hand, and you just put it up to the Look-see what's wrong with your affairs, and wait for a hunch what to do, see? And you'll get one! Go to sleep with it in your hand and when you wake up, you'll see through your troubles just as plainly as you can see daylight through that little square hole."

HE TOOK the coin again and held it up to the light and we both looked through. Then he put it into his pocket.

"If you've got one, you don't need mine," he said, "and unless you need it badly, I can't spare it. It's no time to try it, anyway, when other people are around. You've got to pay strict attention to what it says to you, and you can't if you're thinking about what anybody else thinks."

He stopped and looked at me.

"You understand, don't you?" he said. "You can't pay any attention to anything else on earth except what the Look-see tells you. You can't consider what people will think of you or what the results will be. You just have to do what the Look-see tells you is the right thing—because it is right! It will give you the right hunch, if you'll just forget everything else except the hunch, and if you follow that hunch everything will come out all right. Believe me, it will!" He ended just that way, as if he were so dead sure of it that he wasn't telling me any experiment to try.

I laughed a little, not because I didn't believe him, but because, after all I'd been telling him, this seemed such a queer answer, and because somehow it

made me feel so different to think there was some way out.

"Don't laugh at it, old chap," he said, quickly. "You may not believe me, but you can prove it for yourself if you take it seriously. You may think it is all hocus-pocus, but you try it. There's deep stuff behind it—and you'll have learned the biggest thing you ever knew when once you learn this." He stopped and looked up, because Larry and Fred were coming. "I wish I could get my boy to take it seriously," he said, "or anything else."

I couldn't help saying what I did then. "Can't you—get a hunch?" I asked him.

He looked at me in a funny way for a minute. Then he grinned. "You're my hunch," he said, "you and Larry."

**T**HEN Larry and Fred came and sat down on the steps with us, and Spin squatted on the grass, with his red old tongue lolling, looking us over as if he couldn't believe we'd want to sit still.

Will Rock went on talking just as if they hadn't come. That embarrassed me, and I wished he wouldn't; but he knew that Larry had been in on all the things I'd told him, and he didn't seem to mind Fred.

"Who are these men you say are your father's political enemies?" he asked.

I had to answer. "Dale Drayton's father, and his uncle," I said.

"And you think they are really trying to get you into trouble, out of a grudge against your father?" he asked me.

"I had it straight," I answered.

Fred Rock sort of pricked up his ears. I wished he were not there; but his father went on asking questions and I had to tell him what we thought. Fred Rock looked at me and grinned, with his mouth pulled down, in that wise way he had. Then I guess his dad saw I didn't like it, for he changed the subject, and pretty soon he got up and went to Spin and began to roll him over on the grass and play with him. Just then Larry got up and went to get a drink of the punch from the table, and Fred followed him. Then Will Rock turned and beckoned to me. I went to him, and he kept on playing with Spin while he talked.

"Sandsy," he said, calling me by that name again, as if he'd known me always, "do you want to do a big favor for me?"

Well, I was willing to do just about

anything for him, I thought, because he seemed like the only friend I had. So I said I'd be glad to; and then he told me:

"I'm billed to play Philadelphia next week. The show's gone, and I've got to go tonight. I don't want Fred to go, but there's nobody to leave him with. Will you help me out, and invite Fred to stay with you a couple of weeks or so? If you will, I'll get even with you sometime, and have you and Larry out at my ranch for a summer."

What could I say? Of course I said yes.

Will Rock looked up to where Larry and Fred were drinking the punch, and he said:

"He's not such a bad kid," meaning Fred, "but he's running with a bunch I've got no use for, and I can't stop it if he goes along with the show. He ought to be in school, but he got expelled from two, and we've got no home for him to stay in till the season ends."

There was that same sound in his

(Turn to page 25)



# The Happy Ending

*By Clarence E. Flynn*

I LIKE to read a stirring tale of peril and of action.  
I follow every character with heartfelt satisfaction.  
If, truth and error, right and wrong, defeat and tri-  
umph blending,

The story rambles steadily toward a happy ending.

No matter what vicissitudes the hero strong engages,  
No matter how the conflict runs across the crowded  
pages,

If at the close all comes out right, with every wrong  
defeated,

Each happy dream at last come true, each worthy task  
completed.

They tell me it is not the style in these days so to write it.  
The proper thing, they say, is with a smirch of wrong  
to blight it,

To leave the tears unwiped, the wrong unrighted, and  
the error

Unbanished in the general reign of trouble and of  
terror.

But I still have the faith to cling to childhood's deep  
conviction

That somehow justice does get done in life as well as  
fiction,

That there is more of right than wrong, of pleasure  
than of weeping,

And that a kindly Providence still has us in its keeping.

I think when all the years are through the world's  
heart will be singing,  
That bells of bounding happiness will everywhere be  
ringing,  
And the great Author of the tale of life, His mercy  
lending,  
Will bring the story of the world down to a happy  
ending.



# The Prince Who Became President

## The Magicians Lost Their Heads But Daniel Saved Them

*By Ernest C. Wilson*

**A**N UNASSUMING man once, possibly inadvertently, made a remark that everybody considered to be clever. He became famous because of it, and in the surprising manner of such things, it was assumed thereafter that he was a very witty man. He was much sought after. His lightest (and even his most serious) remarks occasioned uproarious mirth. He was surprised, and for a time (because he found so much attention a novelty) he was pleased.

We suppose it would be diverting to find one's remarks amusing to others; but there is, or should be, a limit to all things; and never to be taken seriously would possibly become as irksome as never to be noticed.

This unfortunate man learned that having a reputation has consequences.

Others have discovered the same thing.

Among them were certain men of old whose reputation was not for wit but for wisdom. They were called wise men or magicians. Up to a certain point a reputation for wisdom is somewhat flattering; but if the reputation put the safety of one's head in jeopardy, it may still be flattering, yet it is also worrisome.

It was so with the wise men. Their king's forgotten dream was the cause of their trouble; and that a forgotten dream should put men's lives in jeopardy seems even more regrettable than that a remembered dream should do the same thing.

DREAMS that we remember are sometimes terrifying phantoms. In them our troubled conscience, which often we can still during our waking hours, rises up to reproach us. In graphic symbol, if not in literal preaching, it chides us, and bids us set our lives aright.

It seems that being a king does not exempt a man from this vagary of the mind; and if the king be a despot, his dreams are the more ominous. That dreams are ominous might not make a king eager to recall them, but at times they seem to do more than chide; they seem also to instruct, and they seem fraught with portent of the future. To experience what one feels was a really significant dream, and find that its details have escaped the memory, is indeed annoying. Most of us have to agree to that and let the matter rest. Nebuchadnezzar was thus annoyed but he did not let the matter rest. He was a warrior and a conqueror as well as a king. He had subdued men and nations. He seemed about to be defeated by a dream. It was beneath his dignity. Something, he felt, should be done about it. So he met the situation after his own peculiar fashion.

He called together all the wise men of the court.

"I have dreamed a dream, and my mind is disturbed to understand the dream," he declared.

They answered cautiously, "King may you live for ever! Tell the dream to your slaves, and we will explain it clearly!"

"The purport has gone from me! But look! If you do not inform me what the dream was, and explain it, you shall be cut in pieces, you slaves, and your houses be made a dung-hill! But if you show the dream and explain it, you shall be given gifts and great honors! Relate, therefore, what I saw first, and show me the dream, and explain it!"

Again they answered, "Let the king tell to his slaves the dream, and we will explain its meaning!"

The king was annoyed. "I know as-

suredly that you are putting off, because you discover that the matter has gone from me. Therefore, if you do not inform me what the dream was, you have one fate; for you utter lies, and rotten contrivances, to talk before me till my mood changes. Look sharp! Tell me the dream! Then I shall know that you can explain its meaning!"

But the wise men shook their heads sagely. "There is never a man on earth who is able to accomplish the king's demand! Because no great king or ruler ever asks such a thing, of any engineer, enchanter, or astronomer! And the statement the king demands is tremendous! And besides there is no one who could accomplish it to the king, except the gods, whose dwelling is not in flesh!"

To the wise men the king seemed to be an unreasonable person.

He demanded wisdom that, to the wise men at least, seemed quite beyond magic. The wise men were troubled—except for Daniel, who knew a magic greater than theirs.

DANIEL no less than the king, was of a house of princes. He and three of his cousins had been brought as prisoners to the Chaldean court in their boyhood when Israel was conquered by King Nebuchadnezzar. Like Joseph in Egypt, Daniel in Babylon had won the good will

of the soldiery, a circumstance which stood him in good stead now. He persuaded Arioch, the king's captain, not to be too hasty in the matter of slaying him and the other magicians of the court. "Just give me a little time, and I'm sure everything will work out all right," he said in effect. His request was granted, and he went quietly home and asked the other members of his household to join him in prayer. Then in a vision of the night the nature and meaning of the king's dream were revealed to him.

Arioch took him before the king. "I have found a man from among the captive Jews who can tell the king the meaning," he announced.

No scientist, enchanter, or engineer could have performed the king's command, as Daniel pointed out. "However, there is a God in Heaven who reveals the hidden, and He has made known to King Nebuchadnezzar what will be in future times."

The king's dream, as Daniel described it, was of a huge and dazzling image, with head of gold, breast and arms of silver, belly and thighs of brass, legs of iron, and feet of iron and clay.

King Nebuchadnezzar, said Daniel, was the head of gold; but after him an inferior kingdom, like the breast and arms of silver, would arise, and after it a kingdom like brass, and a fourth as strong as iron. But as iron breaks and crushes all, so would the fourth kingdom break and crush, and as the toes and feet of the image were part clay and part iron, so would strength be mixed with weakness, and the kingdom would be broken and crushed.

The king was greatly pleased with Daniel, and the magicians were pleased too, though not with Daniel.

SO IT was that Daniel proved himself a master among magicians, and the wisest of the wise men. His mastery and his wisdom were in his knowledge of God, and he prospered amazingly and grew in favor with the king, so that he became the governor of the province of Babel, and president of the scientists of Babylon.

As for the magicians, they were but little wiser than they had been before. They had already lost their heads through confusion, and but for Daniel, should have lost them literally as well.

### *Next Month*

WHEN the voice of prudence says: "Go slow. Look out for stop signals," the heedless voice of the ages comes back with, "Oh, you'll 'get by.'"

It was true in the day of Adam. It was true of the Eve of that day. It was true in the day of Nebuchadnezzar and the magicians who lost their heads. It is true today.

In another story about Daniel, which appears in the September (enlarged) issue of *Youth*, the editor shows that there were reckless drivers and danger signals long before automobiles were invented—and that the results were much like those of today. The article will appear under the title,

### *Past the Stop Signals*

# You He



UNDERWOOD AND UNDERWOOD PHOTO

HERBERT Hoover, Jr., like his father, has found engineering to his liking. As head of the radio department of an air express company it is his duty to establish telephone communication between the planes and land stations.



THE villain does his stuff. We see here part of the cast of a Chinese "movie" company on location on the island of Pootoo, China. The island is noted for its beautiful scenery.



OROC PHOTO

THE young stepping cockpit of the plane is Elin diminutive flyer. She established new endurance record for hours, 21 minutes, 2 seconds. We thought that the young girl would have a soft bed and sleep.

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PERSONAL PHOTOS



PERSONAL PHOTOS

THESE two photographs are evidence that Marion Talley's interest in farming may not be for publicity purposes only. Marion says that once, when she was a very young girl, she spent a summer's vacation on her uncle's farm. She enjoyed the vacation so much that she made up her mind that she would own a farm of her own some day. Recent newspaper reports telling about Marion's looking for

were regarded by those interested as just another attempt of a hard-working agent to keep Marion's name on the front page of the daily papers. Not motored out to Dodge City, Kansas, and returned as the owner of a large farm, was the story taken seriously.



UNDERWOOD AND UNDERWOOD PHOTO

# Dutchman's Race

*A Pleasant Story  
for a Summer Day*

*By Ruth H. Colby*

"CARNIVAL weather! Carnival weather!"

Broadmeadows school fairly resounded with the refrain.

Faith Wolcott sniffed scornfully. She was scornful of everything connected with Broadmeadows, though she had been there only three weeks.

"Redbend is sure it's going to win again. Peter Ten Eyek is still there. He's won twice."

"I wish we had some one who could match him!" Janet Williams's tone was wistful. "If only Foster Southwick were here, instead of at college, Broadmeadows might have a chance."

"It's time Broadmeadows won again. We haven't had a prize for ages!" Pretty, blonde Alicia Martin was speaking. "Faith, if only you were a prize skater now!"

Faith Wolcott stared at the speaker. For a moment her mouth opened in surprise. Then she closed it decidedly. "I've never skated outdoors in my life." Her voice was scornful, her manner aloof.

"Oh, of course not," Janet Williams said resignedly. "City folk——" She did not finish, but it was clear that she considered all folk from the city under a handicap.

Faith Wolcott's cheeks blazed. She was too angry to speak. Bits of talk floated about her.

"The prize this year is a community tree, with purple and red gold lights."

"And a great star for the top! And the town that gets it, keeps it; the decorations, I mean!"

"We've got such a wonderful place for it, too; right in front of the church."

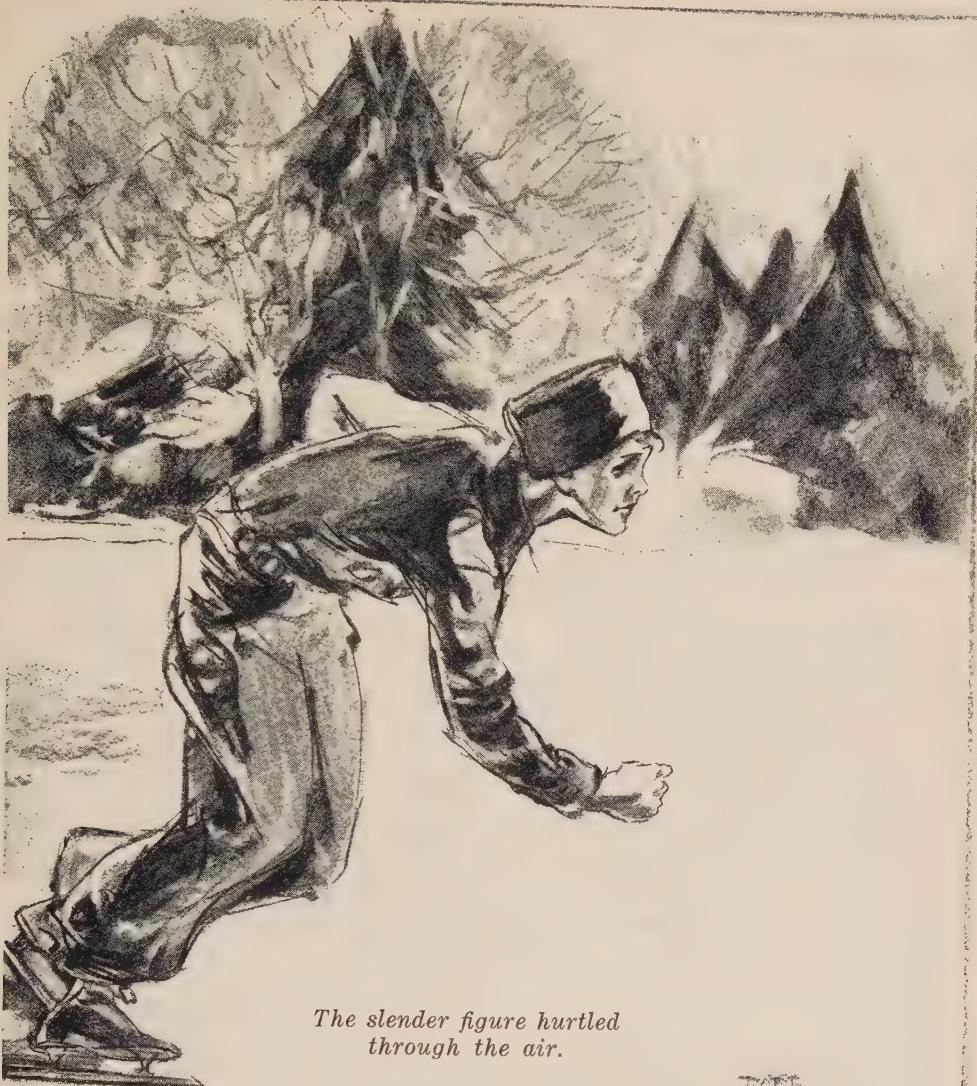


Janet's tone was still wistful. "Broadmeadows doesn't seem to have any good skaters just now, though."

Faith Wolcott was thankful when school was over. She fairly snatched her wraps and fled from school.

She kicked viciously at the frozen ruts in the road as she sped along toward the wide red farmhouse into which the Wolcotts had just moved.

"Hateful place!" she muttered to herself. "If we could only move back to the city!" How surprised Janet Williams had looked when she had said that aloud at school! As if any one wanted to live



*The slender figure hurtled through the air.*

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in such a place as Broadmeadows.

Yet the landscape was lovely: the wide river, with rolling hills back of it, yellow brown in the winter weather; and just ahead a cove, glittering like steel, and ringing with steel—the steel song of skates.

Faith Wolcott turned her head away from the cove upon which she had never set foot. She hated that steel gray expanse, so wide, so open, so desolate. It was so unlike the crowded, cheerful city rink to which she was used, where even the instructor paused to pat her on the

shoulder when she did a beautiful outside roll. He had even let her practice jumping when the crowd was not great. She had cleared three barrels, and was thinking of entering the City Rink Championship. Then they had moved to Broadmeadows, a small, remote country town. Faith loathed it in her heart.

She pushed open the door of the red house and entered. Her mother sighed as she looked at Faith's downcast face. "thank goodness," said Faith. "They're going to have some kind of carnival on

"Well, school's over for one week-end,

the cove," she announced rather unwillingly. "Some other country school comes over. Redbend, I think they call it." She sniffed scornfully.

"Did you enter the carnival?" her mother asked quietly.

"I certainly did *not*," her daughter answered with emphasis. "Think I'd skate with this crowd? They make me tired. They've never been anywhere. They think the sun rises and sets right here. Janet Williams is the worst. 'Wouldn't live anywhere but Broadmeadows!' Mother, won't we ever go back to the city?"

"No, my dear." Her mother spoke just as decidedly. "This is father's old home. Uncle Oliver's will left it to him. He loves it. So we'll have to like it too."

Faith suppressed her sniff this time, but her heart still was scornful.

"Anyway, you'd better go and help others like the country, too," added her mother, with a smile.

Faith looked surprised, then smiled in spite of herself. It was fun to spread a table for the birds: crumbs and seeds, cracked corn and suet. The only birds she had known had been in a park. It was exciting to have saucy chickadees and demure little juncos right outside her window, to say nothing of a pair of jays that made Faith think of blue rainbows.

She could not help mentioning the carnival at the dinner table that evening though she had not meant to do so.

"Dutchman's race, by Jove!" Her father was more excited than she had seen him for a long time. "A Wolcott won the first Dutchman's race ever held in Broadmeadows; and I won it myself once. Jove, I'd like to try again! Guess you'll have to do it for me, Faith. Think of having a Wolcott in the Dutchman's race again!"

For a second time Faith Wolcott closed her lips upon words she had meant to utter. Dad looked so pleased, she hated to let him down.

**W**ELL, what is Dutchman's race?" she asked as they left the table.

"It started back in colonial times. Redbend was a Dutch settlement, Broadmeadows Puritan, and the Dutch always fancied themselves as skaters." Dad chuckled a bit. "I suppose they were. Redbend challenged Broadmeadows to a

skating match. The prize was a package of beaver skins; and Oliver Wolcott, one of your great-greats, won, to the great disgust of the Dutchmen. The towns have always kept it up. I won it once. That time the prize was a silk flag for the town hall. That was when I was living here as a boy. Only residents can enter. I wonder if they still skate in costume," finished her father.

"Oh, yes," Faith's tone was still faintly scornful. "I heard them talking about it at school."

"Well, what are you going to wear?" Dad was all interest.

For the third time in one day Faith had to close her lips upon words she wished to say. It was getting to be a habit; but she could tell Dad in the morning that she had no intention of entering Dutchman's race. So she only said, "I really don't know," and buried herself in a book.

The telephone interrupted her. Dad was talking, still excitedly.

"You bet all the Wolcotts will be out . . . Yes, I've heard that that Peter Ten Eyek is a great kid . . . Well, maybe Broadmeadows won't lose this time after all. Keep up your courage, Sam. Sure the race is tomorrow? . . . Yes, great weather."

Faith Wolcott stared hard at the fire. This race meant a lot to Dad. He had never cared much about the city rink.

She kept her eyes fixed on the red coals. Apartments do not have such fireplaces. Faith loved this one, though she had never admitted it.

She could see the place where the tree would stand: on the slope in front of the great white church with its towering spire. The church had surprised her. It was quite as large as a city church, and very beautiful, with its white columns. She had never been able to feel really scornful of it. The tree would be in front of it. The tall spire would tower over it. The star would stand out clear against its whiteness. The purple and red and gold lights would bathe the great white church with rainbow radiance. Faith could even picture the lighted windows back of the gleaming tree.

There would be nothing like that in any city in the land.

For the first time the city dimmed a little in her thoughts crowded out by the

vision of a great white church, itself the vision of its founders.

Carnival day dawned clear. Not a breeze. Crisp enough to make the huge bonfires lighted on the shores of the cove comforting. Crowds gathered about them, chattering, laughing.

The cove itself presented the most wonderful sight. Probably there was



nothing just like it anywhere else in America. It looked as if all Broadmeadows and Redbend were on skates, but in costume. And such costumes! The cove looked like a page from history—or fairyland, as you chose.

Janet Williams was an Indian maid, her dark hair tight under a wide bead fillet.

Alicia Martin had found a dress of Civil War time. Scarlet wool it was, with yards of gathered skirt and a tight bodice, which Alicia could barely hook together around her waist. Her blonde hair was drawn demurely under a tiny hat that tied under her chin, and she carried a tiny muff.

Dutchman's race had just two rules. Only residents might enter, and all must be in costume. The custom had taken so strong a hold upon the two towns that all the skaters, whether entering or not, came in costume.

"They say the tree has frosted violet lights," said the Indian maiden, still wistful.

"Oh, if only Foster were here! If only that new Faith Wolcott could skate! If only—" but the Civil War maid had to laugh at her own ifs.

"Faith isn't even here," said Janet.

"Oh, she wouldn't care for this. 'It's so different from the city.'" Alicia managed a bored tone. Both girls giggled.

"Oh, have you seen Peter Ten Eyek? He's stunning," Janet spoke.

The starter's whistle shrilled. Both girls skated over to the starting line. "We'll certainly enter," Alicia had said firmly. "We won't get far, but at least we'll start for the tree!"

The cove was shaped like a pear. The race course started at the narrow or stem end of the pear, went straight across the cove to the widest part, then doubled back on itself to the narrows. Thus starting and finishing line were the same. The only rough ice in the cove was at the narrow end. Two stretches of rubbed ice, with clear ice between, the second rubble pushing almost across the narrows, contracted the course decidedly and forced the skaters to take a long curving route to avoid the roughness.

Crowds of people kept coming. They grouped around the huge bonfires at the narrows; stamped on the ice beside the course, warming their feet; trundled babies, wrapped like pink and blue and scarlet cocoons, back and forth in their sleigh carts, some of which had trundled generations of cocoons, right on this same cove.

Alicia seized Janet's arm. "Only Peter Ten Eyek could look so well in a Dutchman's costume. He's so tall!"

"And can't he skate!" Janet was still wistful.

PETER Ten Eyek swung easily over the ice. A round Dutch cap was on his fair hair, but the funny short coat and wide, gathered blue breeches did not disguise the grace of his movements. One felt as if dykes and windmills should loom up behind him.

"No one really matches up to him, here in Broadmeadows." Alicia's own voice was sad. "It's the same old crowd. Peter beat them all last year." She was looking up and down the starting line.

Again she seized Janet's arm in genuine excitement. "My word, Janet, we've got a Puritan lad! Look—at the end of the line, there—sort of little. He's new!"

The starter's whistle of warning cut short further conversation. The following crack of his pistol sent the line into motion.

Dutchman's race was on.

And the leading figure was, by its costume, a tall Dutchman! All others were left behind.

Yet out of the following crowd a smaller, slender figure was emerging, following, following, gaining—up to Peter's broad shoulder.

A Puritan lad! Plainly a skater, too. No one had kept so close to Peter Ten Eyek before.

Dutchman and Puritan!

The crowd along the course began to shout. The Puritan was unknown, but he must be skating for Broadmeadows.

Alicia and Janet dropped out breathless and scurried back to the starting and finishing line.

At the broad end two figures were plainly leading. They could see the perfect, beautiful turn each made, the taller still leading.

Puritan and Dutchman!

The other skaters scattered to let them through on the homeward track.

Faith Wolcott had never felt so happy. It was gorgeous out in the sunlight, the wind in her face, skating, skating. The city with its crowded rink, its cigarette smoke, its cramped space had nothing like this. If only she could gain on the tall figure ahead. How he could skate! Better even than "Speed" Moriarity, rink professional. That was what the country could do. Faith felt positively proud.

She had sat up late planning her costume. The tree and Dad's eagerness had conquered her homesick scornfulness. Luckily she possessed brown corduroy knickers and a brown suede coat. The latter, strapped tight around her waist with a brown leather belt, gave a creditable imitation of a Puritan coat. She had cut a wide round collar and deep cuffs out of plain, heavy manila paper. Miss Smith always did that when she put on Puritan scenes at Thanksgiving time, back in the city school. The effect was surprisingly good. An old brown

felt hat of Dad's, the crown stuffed with paper, gave the proper broadbrimmed effect. She looked astonishingly like a Puritan boy.

The crowd was cheering steadily now. The sturdy little Puritan clung just as steadily to the Dutchman's shoulder. Broadmeadows' chief cry was "Come on, Puritan! Come on, Puritan, come on!" It was a chant and a plea—all mixed.

But Faith Wolcott knew she could not "come on" any faster. Hold the pace she could, but she could not pass the tall leader.

A star crowned tree was vanishing. A tall white spire stood beautiful—and lonely.

Ahead was the finish line. Faith saw the tall Dutchman swing out on the long curve to avoid the rough.

A daring thought dazzled her. Clear ice in the middle of the rough. Clear ice beyond. Two jumps, not so wide as three barrels. All the long curve cut off. Only two rules in Dutchman's race: residents entered, in costume.

While these thoughts flashed through her mind, her body poised itself for the leap.

The crowd let out one wild whoop, then was silent. So silent that the bell from a tall white spire chimed out softly, clearly, over the icy cove.

The slender little figure, steel shod, hurtled through the air!

The crowd let out its breath in one unanimous sigh as Faith landed perfectly, only to draw in that same breath in a collective gasp as she gathered herself for the second leap.

The second rubble was wider than she thought. No way out or around now. Straight ahead. Up, and over. Almost like flying.

Again the crowd whooped as the graceful, poised figure, brown bob flying, Puritan hat gone to the winds, landed without a jar and swooped forward over the finish line one inch ahead of the tall blond Dutchman.

Faith could barely get her breath. Janet and Alicia were hugging her so tightly. Peter Ten Eyek had seized both her hands.

"Boy, you can skate—and jump—and how!"

Dad's face was beaming. Faith could just catch his words: "I told you, Sam, to keep up your courage!"

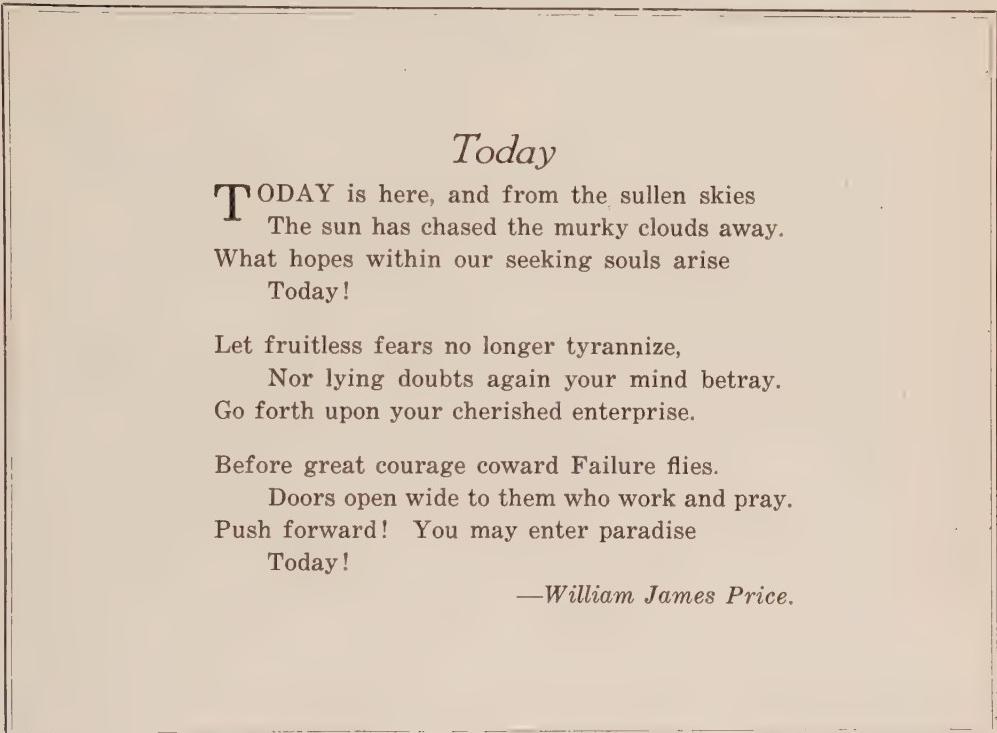
All Broadmeadows was pushing forward to congratulate her; Redbend too.

The great white church would have its rainbow tree.

Why had they ever wasted so much time in the city!

"Redbend is going to join us in sing-

*(The End)*



## Sandsy's Rebellion

*(Continued from page 13)*

voice that came every time he talked about Fred. I felt sick to think of that fellow staying with us, but it was impossible to refuse; so I said I thought it would be great.

"You and Larry will be great medicine for Fred," Will Rock said. "You can influence him a lot. Will you?"

Well, I'd already promised, and his asking me again like that seemed as if he thought he was asking something big. So I just nodded as if it wasn't anything, the way he had nodded at me a little while before; and pretty soon, when the other fellows came down the steps, I asked Fred.

I said, "Fred, your dad says he's going

to Philadelphia for a couple of weeks. Why don't you stay here with us? We'll try to give you a good time."

Fred Rock grinned. Then he looked at his dad, quick as lightning, and then away, grinning, as if he knew that Will Rock had fixed this up for him. Then he shrugged his shoulders the least bit in the world.

"Sure!" he said. "That'll be immense!"

**W**ELL, that was that. Before he went, Will Rock said he'd send out a bag for Fred, so he needn't go back to town at all. That night the bag came out, all the way from New York in a

taxis. It must have cost a lot, but I suppose Will Rock didn't care. It was as if he'd got something he wanted and didn't care what he paid for it. I understood, all right. He and Brook Carrington had fixed this up between them; but I kept thinking about it, because you wouldn't think Will Rock would have been so keen to have Fred with us just then, anyway, in the fix we were in.

So, Fred Rock being with us that night, Larry and I didn't get to talk anything over; and Fred seemed to take to Larry more than to me. Everything he said, he seemed to say to Larry; and Larry wasn't like himself at all. He would hardly look at me straight. I could see him look away when I'd glance at him quickly. And he told a lot of stories about how he used to live in the streets when he was a kid, and how his dad had deserted him and let him go it alone. Fred Rock seemed to think it was great to have lived the way Larry had, and I thought Larry saw that he was making a hit. It was as though he were impressed because this was the great Will Rock's son, and all flattered because Fred took such a fancy to him. And that made me sore again.

I know now what was the matter, but I didn't then. Larry told stories he had never told me before, about being at races and working with the horses at the tracks, and how they would "clock" 'em, as he called it, in early morning tryouts, and how the betting went on in the ring; how he had made bets often, and won a lot of money once. How the stableboys doped a horse one time so that everybody who bet on him lost, and their gang won. About bumming it across country to Chicago on a freight train and living by telling hard luck stories to the farmers and getting hand-outs and stealing chickens. About a prize fighter he used to know, and about a gang that started bootlegging and simply coined money, and a lot of things like that.

I suppose you think I am going to say that I was disgusted; but when Fred Rock told some stories of what he'd heard and seen—and of course he tried to make us understand that he was no mamma's little pet, and tried to go Larry one better on what he had told, they made me feel out of it. I was the lad that hadn't been anywhere or seen anything. The

nearest I'd ever been to any of that kind of stuff was hearing talk about it. I hadn't had any adventures with booze, except one time when some of the gang off on a basket ball trip pulled a flask, and three of 'em drank so much that we lost a game. When it was found out at home it raised a terrible row, and those three fellows were suspended from High, and all the people around town were "shocked" at the pace the Y. G. was going, and so forth. I wonder what they'd have thought if they'd heard Fred Rock and Larry that night? They just made me feel cheap, because they knew so much more about life than I knew.

**W**ELL, after an hour or so of that stuff, all the talk Will Rock had given me about the Look-see giving me the hunch as to what was right, and about doing right because it *was* right, and all that, didn't look so big to me; and I thought I must have grown up on pap. The things I had done in the last few days, and that I was repenting about so bitterly, were Sunday school stuff compared with what fellows got away with who were alive.

I was thinking things like that, and ashamed now because I had talked to Will Rock the way I had, when Fred suddenly turned to me.

"Say, Sandsy," he said, "you feel all cut up because you're suspended from High, what?"

I didn't answer, and he laughed.

"Well, I've been canned from school twice. It doesn't cripple you, see?"

Larry looked at me in a queer way. Then he laughed a little. I knew he was laughing at the way Fred had said it, but he seemed to be laughing a little at me, too. Fred went on.

"Listen!" he said. "You're afraid of this Dale Drayton and his old man, and his uncle or whoever it is, aren't you? I'll bet you I can show you how to throw the harpoon into them. Are you on? You do what I say, and I bet we'll put one over on 'em. I'll bet you five bones! What say?"

He pulled some loose money out of his pocket and took up a five dollar bill and waved it at me.

"Come on, be a sport!" he said. "Make it a five spot."

(More next month)

# The Tenth Man

## A Youth Reader Discovers How to Call Unseen Blessings into Visibility

*When Jesus healed the ten lepers, only one returned to give thanks. Will you be the tenth man of today? Have you found that Truth helps you? Give thanks by sharing your experience with other young people. Address your letter to Editor of Youth Magazine. Please sign your letter; we shall not print your name unless you request it.*

*Dear Youth:* I have been thinking that perhaps my experience equals that of "H. P." whose letter appeared in the April number of *Youth* under The Tenth Man.

I have studied the teachings of Truth as set before us by Unity, for several years. I received a great deal of help, but somehow it seemed as though I was always unable quite to reach that spiritual plane where I could thank God for a certain thing before it appeared, and really believe I had received it. Then I read H. P.'s letter, and suddenly the matter became clear to me and so I tried it.

I thanked the Spirit of Good and Truth for better health for the ailing members of our family. I gave thanks for a sufficient supply of money for simple needs. I was thankful that the young man I am to marry would confess Christ as his Savior, and I repeatedly gave thanks for the home we are planning on, but which seemed hard to obtain. I was serenely happy and worry was gone.

In one day's time we all felt better. The other members of the family knew nothing of what I was doing, however.

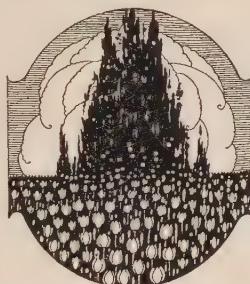
I have been able to take a much needed rest and somehow, in a miraculous way, my needs are provided for and I still have plenty. It is indeed like the widow whose oil and meal wasted not. Yet people say the days of miracles are over!

Why, they have merely started and through Truth we, the youth of today, have a power that can change the whole world.

Just a week from the time I realized all this I received word that my fiance had become a member of a church, and he also told me of great strides being made toward realizing our dream.

It makes me very humble to think of the good that can be accomplished when we are one with God. It also makes me feel as though I must be sure that a thing is according to His plan before I invoke His blessing on it.

This consciousness of peace, this feeling that the Spirit of Good is now in operation brings rest to the mind and the nerves, and frees us from worry. In closing I want to repeat H. P.'s last sentence, which I second, "Let's be sure what we ask for is really what we want: for we will get it."—R. S.



### Healing and Prosperity Thoughts

August 20 to September 19

*The Spirit of truth floods me with the light of life, and I am made whole.  
The Spirit of truth reveals abundant Spirit substance, which I affirm to be the source of my prosperity.*

# Thought Stretchers

## *Be Satisfied—To Grow*



THE MAN who is satisfied with himself is not very well acquainted with himself.  
—Liahona.

## *Compensation*

THE SUMMER vanishes, but soon shall come  
The glad young days of yet another year.  
So do not mourn the passing of a joy,  
But rather wait the coming of a good,  
And know God never takes a gift away  
But he sends other gifts to take its place.  
—Selected.

## *Common Wealth*

SOME of the largest fortunes which were ever accumulated in the United States have been almost entirely devoted to . . . charities.

We can not observe this movement without smiling a little at those who but a short time ago expressed so much fear lest our country might come under the control of a few individuals of great wealth. They claimed that the rich were growing richer and the poor were growing poorer. Our experience has demonstrated that the reverse of this would be much nearer the truth. So many of our people have large amounts of property that it has taken on the aspect of being common. The distinction that it once carried is gone. It is also doubtful if there ever was a time when even great wealth gave its possessors so little power as at present. Their money is of very little value in determining political action. Capital is so easily secured for any promising enterprise that it is no longer necessary to be rich to go into business, even on an extensive scale. The possession of money has never been sufficient to gain the social attentions of persons of culture and refinement.—Calvin Coolidge.

## *What Hath God Wrought*

THE more I study nature, the more I stand amazed at the work of the Creator. I pray while I am engaged in my work in the laboratory.—Pasteur.

## *A Day at a Time*

Each day is a fresh beginning. Wise is he who takes today and lives it, and tomorrow when it comes—but not before it comes. The past is of value only by way of the lessons it has brought us.—Trine.

## *God All Mighty*

PROBABLY all of us have used the expression, "Almighty God," at one time or another, and presumably in good faith, actually believing that God is almighty. Yet in practice we attribute might to any number of other powers besides God.

Either God is almighty and all might, or else he is not God. A god whose power is second to germs, material forces, elements, circumstances, death even, is not God. Hence to render tribute to God, placing such powers before His, is an error. We are mentally acceding power to other gods in such a practice. If we honestly attribute greater power to money, disease, heredity, and other things of the world, it would be more accurate to acknowledge these as our God. The fact that such an acknowledgment is unthinkable, that it offends both reason and intuition, is evidence of its fallacy.—E. C. W.

## *The Sons of God*

GOD IS Father of all the people in the world. Religion is the relation in which I stand to Him. It's also the relation in which He stands to me. . . . We can't choose whether we'll be the sons of God or not. . . . We're born into the relationship.—Basil King; *McCalls*.

### *What Shall I Say?*



"How are you today?"

OR

"I'm glad to see you."

# Grin Stretchers

## No, Not "Comic"

"Can you spell cat?" we asked of the little Boston boy.

"Yes, sir, and I can do comic sections."—*Louisville Courier-Journal*.

## Or Rolled Oats

Sweet City Visitor—"Why are you running that steam roller thing over that field?"

Farmer, on steam tractor—"I'm going to raise a crop of mashed potatoes this fall."—*American Boy*.

## Horse Sense Needed

Wanted—Good gentle horse for cultivating berries. Must be reasonable.—*Watsonville (Cal.) paper*.

## A Gorgeous Dinner

Poppa (at dinner)—"Willy, you've reached for everything in sight. Now stop it; haven't you got a tongue?"

Willy—"Sure, Pop, but my arm's longer."—*American Boy*.

## The Coach's Individuality

Football Coach (to players)—"Remember that football develops individuality, initiative, leadership. Now get in there and do exactly as I tell you."—*American Boy*.

## Suffocated

Street car Conductor—"Madame, this transfer has expired."

Irate Lady—"Well, you can't expect much else with the cars so poorly ventilated."—*American Boy*.

## Moo-sic

Wanted—Man for gardening, also to take charge of a cow who can sing in the choir and play the organ.—*Westmont (Ill.) paper*.

## Assumption

"My son's home from college."

"How do you know?"

"I haven't had a letter from him for three weeks."—*Life*.



## Nor Airplanes

"How lucky we are that we have air," remarked the thoughtful gent who was out filling his lungs with it.



"Yes," replied his low-brow companion, "we couldn't have balloon tires without it."—*Cincinnati Enquirer*.

## Equally Difficult

"Are you interested in Einstein's theory about space?"

"If it's anything to do with parking, let's hear it."—*Selected*.

## Better Than None

Fond Mother—"My son has many original ideas, hasn't he?"

Teacher—"Yes, especially in spelling."—*Tit-Bits*.

## With Airplane Escort?

"And listening to this music one can almost see those gallant, hardy Puritans on the little deck of the *Mayflower* as she steamed into the harbor."—*Gem by a radio announcer, as reported by a Digest scout at Easton, Pa.*

## Willing to Wait

Mistress—"When do you think you could come? You see, I've got the spring cleaning to consider."

Maid—"Well, I could come about three weeks from today, if you are quite sure you could get it all finished before then."—*London Opinion*.

## Gives You Grit

Gold is frequently found in sand, says an expert, but all we ever find in sand is spinach.—*New York Evening Post*.

## A Grate Time

Clyde Pierson, Middletown, brought seven of the boys of his Sunday school class out to Phillips' sugar camp, last Friday night and camped out. They slept on straw in the sugar-house and cooked their vitals on the furnace. This was a great time for those boys.—*Eaton (Ohio) paper*.

## Dad and Company

(Concluded from page 8)

town or excitement. It's a hobo crew, in the second place, not fit for any boy to associate with: tramps, bums, drifters, boomers, crooks—whatever we can pick up. You work with them, eat with them, sleep with them. You work thirty days a month—except when you work thirty-one—for which you get a hundred dollars a month, and your board if you keep books for the camp. It's the kind of job I wouldn't sentence a horse thief to. You don't want it."

"Well, unless the other eight reasons are worse than that——"

"No stopping you, I guess," and the



man grinned. "Be ready to leave Monday. We're building a new spur track at Belmore Junction. I think I'll give the bossing job to Jim Throop, so you may work for him after all. Have your duffel at the depot about eight."

"I'll be there—and thank you, Mr. Rascoe!"

"Mister Rascoe! And in a week I'll be 'that pesky roadmaster'!"

Needless to say, Don did not recite all the disagreeable features when he told his mother of the new job. She voiced no objections, though she did sigh a bit.

"Perhaps it's just as well," she told him. "Your father rather talked as if he wanted you at the office, but somehow I—I'd just as soon you learned another business. Something that isn't so much up and down. Maybe it's because just now we're down."

"Oh, not down, Mother. Isn't Mr. Rawley——"

"Yes, Don, and I'm hoping for the best. But I know Mr. Rawley and I know your father, and he wouldn't be going in with Lafe Rawley except as a last resort. At that, your father had to break one of his rules and mortgage the house for the money to put up his half."

"Well, I've heard Dad say that Lafe Rawley never lost a dollar in his life."

"Which is more than can be said of those who went in with the honorable Lafe! However, let's forget that and think about your job."

It was nearly nine o'clock Monday morning when the way freight, a bunk car next to the caboose, whistled for the Milwaukee crossover, on the north edge of town, a scant four blocks from the Cameron home. Squatted on the back step of the caboose was a khaki-clad youngster who waved a hand at a group of three who stood beside the tracks. "'By, folks," he shouted. "Don't forget to feed the fatted calf!"

**I**T WAS three months later, three work-and-thrill-filled months that made Roadmaster Rascoe's predictions seem pale, when a brown-clad, brown-faced boy, a strap-bound brown bundle slung over his shoulder, turned stealthily into one of Hamilton's alleys. Halfway through, he gave his bundle a toss over a neat fence, put his hand on the top panel and lightly vaulted over. "I'll sneak up on the back porch," he told himself with a chuckle of anticipation, "knock on the door and say, 'Please, mum, could you spare a cup of cold coffee and a bite of hard bread for a poor homeless tramp?' Won't she be tickled when she sees who it is?"

He stepped quietly up on the porch and risked a peep through the screen door. Mother was too busy to notice him—tantalizing odors proclaimed that she was frying doughnuts. Don stood and watched her a while, in his throat a little lump which he could not explain. How gray her hair was getting! Then she raised her hand and rubbed it across her eyes; several times she repeated the gesture. Don forgot the hoax he had planned.

"What's the matter, Mother?" he asked softly. "You're crying!"

"Don!" But she did not answer his question. Not even when, after he had told her all about his summer, he asked her again. So he changed his question.

"How's Dad?"

"Well," and her hand went to her eyes again; "well, Don, but worried."

"Worried about what?"

"That's what hurts me—he won't tell. But he hasn't been at the office in days, until today, and it's weeks since he has even smiled. He's even quit joking about going to the poorhouse!"

"Is he at the office now? I—I think I'd better go see him."

Don waited only long enough to wash off the dust, then, still in his work clothes, he walked briskly down town. The outer door of the office was closed. As he opened it, Don expected to see Howard Rawley bent over the typewriter at the little desk in the corner, but instead, he saw his father.

"Don!"

"Dad!"

"Say, you look like a million dollars worth of health! Why you—you're as tall as I am!"

"And heavier, Dad! Feel that muscle! And how's the old capitalist?"

"Fine! Haven't had an ache or a pain for so long I'm afraid I'm getting paralyzed."

"And how goes the new partnership?"

"That," and Dad set his lips tightly, for all his tone was so light and careless, "is one thing we won't talk about. I'd rather hear about your summer among the 'roughnecks'; but wait till I finish this letter—then I'll walk home with you."

As he bent over the typewriter, Don studied him: the handsome, well-set head, the slender, graceful body that refused to grow old, the eyes that—but Don hesitated. The eyes were not the eyes that he had known just a few short months ago. Mr. Cameron looked up unexpectedly and caught Don's earnest regard.

"It's getting thin, isn't it?" he said, reaching up and pushing back his hair.

"Dad, I'm eighteen, and I've held down my first job, earned my first money. Don't you think I'm old enough to—to be—to be a friend as well as your son?" It was a hard speech for Don to make, and the color rushed into his face.

But Dad was the dad of old, at least

in understanding. "Meaning what?" he queried, then gave his own answer. "The partnership? Rawley's gone!"

"Quit the partnership?"

"Yes, but gone, too. Don't know that I blame him, exactly. All the breaks went against us. Worst of it is that he had written a clause into the contract that gave him the right to pull out. Which he did—just twenty-four hours before I got the last signature needed to put the deal over."

"Then that's his hard luck!"

M R. CAMERON rubbed his hands wearily together. "Our hard luck," he corrected. "Don, in order to buy him out I've pledged everything I own in the world; and I've borrowed myself out of friends. From one end of town to the other, I couldn't raise a penny of cash or credit. I'm overdrawn at the bank and notes against me are past due. They say that when you get to the end of your rope you can always get enough slack to hang yourself. Rawley gave me the slack!"

"Just what happened, Dad?"

"The balloon bursted! You know my scheme—a new business section for Hamilton to feed that new subdivision I lost so much money on last year. The biggest thing that ever hit the old town. And everything was going fine, everybody lining up and signing up, all on the q. t., so nobody'd hold us up for a robber's price. Then somebody 'spilled the beans'—young Rawley, I suspect. The biggest holder of all refused to come into the pool. Without him it was all flat; Rawley knew that, so he quietly pulled out."

"But if you've got the last signature—" "

"Not so easy as that, Son—not over the spilled beans. For five times what it is worth he has agreed to sell me a ninety-day option on his tract—me, who couldn't make the first payment on a cancelled postage stamp! And Rawley's waiting to pick my bones, so he's ducked away where I can't reach him!"

"Wouldn't Uncle Ben—" "

"That's what hurts, Don. He's your Uncle Ben, and my own brother—Don, your dad has his faults, but he never turned down his own flesh and blood in a pinch! No, not if it took every cent I own or ever expect to own!"

Don's eyes blurred, blurred and yet his inner vision was never keener. Much as he loved his dad, he still could see Uncle Ben's point of view. He could almost hear Uncle Ben saying, "Yes, and what of last year? If I had come to your rescue then, where would my money have been but alongside yours—gone!"

"Did you talk to Mr. Lasher at the bank?"

"To the bank, but not to Mr. Lasher. He's been in England since early this summer, and he's the only one at the bank with the authority—or the vision—for a deal like this. He'll be back day after tomorrow—just a day too late! And now that Jim Willoughby has found out what his ash heap is worth—"

"Is he the man?"

"The man who holds the key tract, yes. Likewise he has seven hundred dollars of my money. Day by day I've staved him off with the pitiful borrowings I've worried out. But today is the limit. And I'm three hours and three hundred dollars short—two, ninety-nine, and thirty-five cents, to be exact."

"Then you're no such thing! I've got three hundred—"

"Which you're going to keep. I might borrow a dime of it to buy a loaf of bread, figuratively speaking, but not to throw into this wreck. I know what you're saving that money for, Boy. It's the very thing that made me go into this scheme so hard—I wanted to send you to college. I may go smash, but I'll go smash looking the world and my family in the face!"

"But, Dad, it's only fair—"

"Please, Don! You'll make me sorry I told you. It's all right; I'm not licked yet. I've been in tight corners before and fought my way out. Let's forget it all and go home to your mother."

"Will you wait for me then? I'm down on an errand. I'll be back in—in half an hour."

"Make it twenty-nine minutes and I'll

go you," and Mr. Cameron almost managed a laugh.

Well within the time limit Don was back, to find his father in a much more cheerful frame of mind.

"What's the matter, Sobersides?" he chaffed. "A person'd think you were the one who had just lost his last thin dime down the sewer grating! Worried because I won't let you throw your college money into the bonfire? Son, it's worth going smash just to know that I have a boy who wants to make the sacrifice." He threw his arm about Don's shoulder, and thus they walked the long blocks home. As they came up the steps, Mr. Cameron urged, "Brighten up, now, Don—your mother needs it."

Don faced about, disengaging his father's arm. "I can't—as long as I've got a load on my mind. Dad, I've got a confession to make. I—I've disobeyed you. I—I've—I've got—" then in a rush, "Here's that option from Mr. Willoughby—he sure hated to give it up!" Then, for fear he would cry, he grinned. "Aw, college isn't so much anyway," he bluffed,

darting away from his father and through the door his mother was holding open.

"Don Cameron! I'd give you a thrashing, if you weren't so big—and if I wasn't so thundering proud of you!"

But in the days that followed, the lines of worry only bit deeper into Mr. Cameron's face. "It's nip and tuck," he confided in one of his rare moments of talkativeness, "mostly tuck. We're just holding our own. If Mr. Lasher would only get back!"

"Uncle Ben is coming—the fifteenth. He promised." Mrs. Cameron said, "and that will be tomorrow. Surely he will help!"

Mr. Cameron looked meaningfully at Don; there were some things Mother was not to know.

"Uncle Ben's comings and goings are

## Youth Grows

*Stories about school life and problems, illustrations—many of them in color, stories and pictures of young people who are teachers of young people, and articles of special interest, "Everybody Goes to School," and "Unity's World-Wide School," will be features of September Youth—first number of our new larger magazine. You will want extra copies for your friends.*

like unto the tides—they depend on the moon and the weather. If he drives through, he may drop down any time a month before or after the day set. A mere real estate dealer has to go by the clock. Good-by, keepers of the castle; expect me back any time!"

**L**ESS than two hours after he had gone, a terrific honking out in front of the gate brought Don and his mother to the door, to be met by Uncle Ben.

"Well, well," he greeted, once he was in the house. "Look what's happened to the boy who went off to the war. All brown and moth-eaten. And isn't there—yessir, there is—just a patch of—Or is that breakfast jam on his upper lip?"

"We weren't looking for you till tomorrow, so you're twice as welcome."

"It was a case of now or never. A little matter of business calls me away—South America, maybe, before I'm through. I also had some business with this young railroader."

"I'm afraid you haven't, Uncle Ben! I—I—you were right. I didn't have it in me to make the grade."

"Oh, well, I'm no Shylock, to demand the last ounce! As long as you made a good try for it, and came close——"

"But I didn't. Nowhere near. At the very last minute I—" sudden loyalty to his father locked his lips—"I invested it. All of it."

"So?" Uncle Ben looked at him shrewdly, then remarked dryly:

"I had a letter from your father, asking me to invest."

"He didn't ask me to," retorted Don hotly. "He refused to let me, but I tricked him into it. And I'd rather lose college all the rest of my life than fail him one minute! He's my Dad!"

"You show it." Sarcasm and admiration struggled for mastery in Uncle Ben's voice. "I don't know but that I'm just a little bit proud of your—your loyalty. Naturally, being the cold-blooded fish that I am, I think it foolish—foolish, but fine. Mighty fine! Still," and he studied a moment, "still, we made a bargain, you and I——"

"It was a fair bargain," interrupted Don. "I'm not asking you to change it."

"And if you did ask me to change it, I wouldn't! No, Don, I wouldn't; no matter how much I admire your unself-

ishness. My contract was to be a reward for not doing just what you have done. So that deal's off, of course: but we might enter into a new one."

Don could find nothing to say.

"A new one," went on Uncle Ben in his matter-of-fact way; "this one to be on a purely business basis. I'll lend you the money to carry you through college."

"Uncle Ben!"

"I think not," a quiet voice objected. The door had opened noiselessly and Mr. Cameron had been an unnoticed listener. "I think not," he repeated. "Don Cameron is not going to college on borrowed money; and it's not because it's you who offers it, Brother Ben, if you did turn me down cold. He's going on his own money!"

"What do you mean?"

"He's got three shares in the Cameron Development Company, and today——" the voice of Don's father rose exultingly, "today, ladies and gentlemen, those three shares are worth three thousand dollars. Mr. Lasher got back this morning. I laid my cards on his mahogany table, and he liked them so well that he's agreed to back me to the limit. Not only that, but the choice lot of Cameron Center has been sold. That's where the Hamilton State Bank will build its new home!"

"Boy!" exclaimed Don happily, "aren't we proud of our dad?"

"You ought to be," retorted Dad, "when he's got such a son!"

(*The End*)

## God

By MARGARET GAYLORD

**T**HE azure of a summer sky,  
The snowy cloud,  
The zephyr from a far off sea,  
The fragrance of a flower rare,  
The drowsy hum of bee—  
This beauty is God, to me.

The splendor of a wintry night,  
The snow capped peak,  
The tang of wind from barren lea,  
The moonbeams through the frosty  
tree,  
The lone wolf's cry—  
This grandeur is God, to me.



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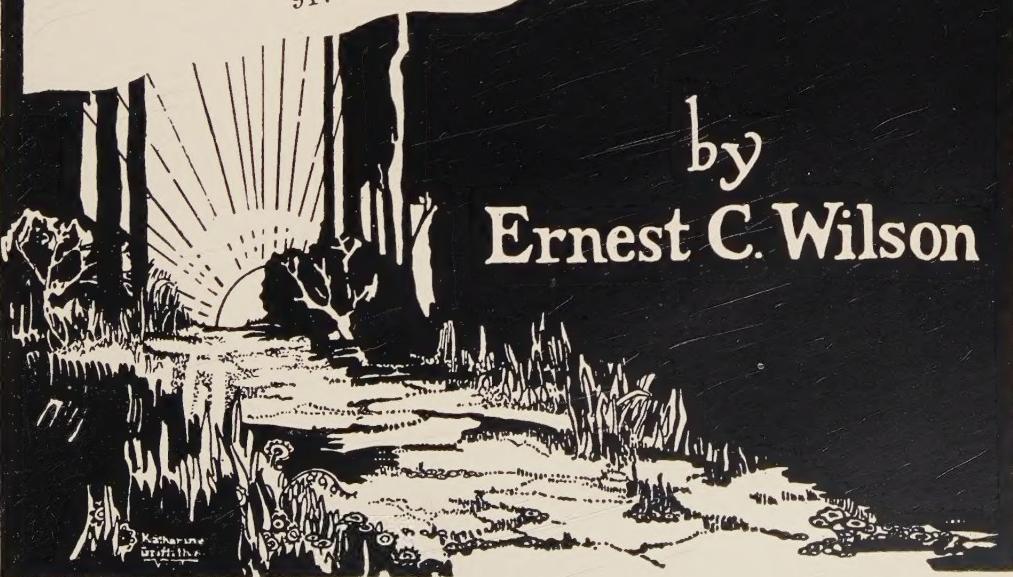
1—Name .....  
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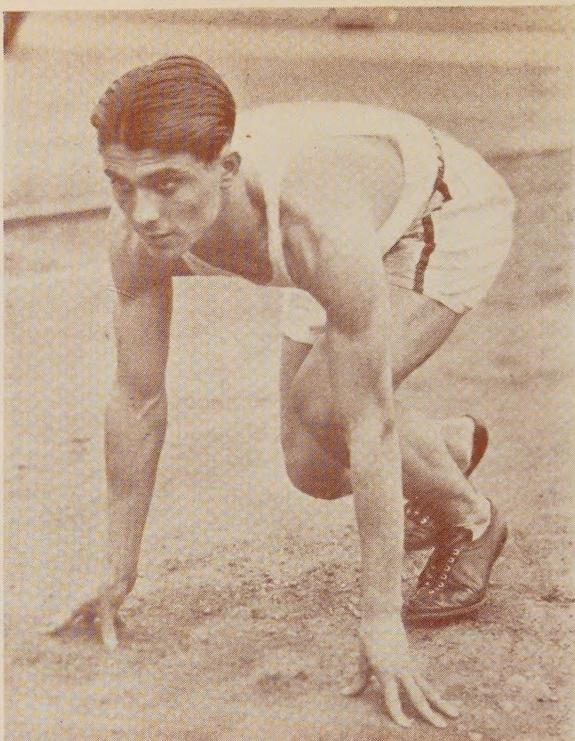
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UNDERWOOD AND UNDERWOOD PHOTO

## Get Set!

PERHAPS you have an excuse for not being more successful and happier than you are, but there's nothing exclusive about excuses. And they're not such good substitutes as the second-best chap who always wins in the last split-second for good old Yarvard.

Excuses are only a substitute, and a poor one, for success. Do not accept a substitute. "Demand the genuine."

Demand the success which you should

have, be content with nothing less, and insure that your demand will be granted by preparing for the things you desire.

"Get set," for success through careful preparation. The Prosperity Bank Plan will help you. Send for a Bank today and dedicate the next seven weeks to a definite course of training that will bring you across the line a winner.

Use the blank below.

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UNITY SCHOOL OF CHRISTIANITY,  
917 Tracy, Kansas City, Mo.

Please give me your prayers for increased prosperity and send a Prosperity Bank in which I agree to save daily over a period of seven weeks coins with which to pay for Unity periodicals, either for myself or for my friends. I will use daily the statement which you send me and I will coöperate with you to the best of my ability by striving to build up within myself the awareness of my sonship with God, through which abundance will come to me. Within seven weeks, when I send you my savings, I will also send you the names and addresses of friends to whom I wish Unity periodicals to be sent.

Name .....

Address .....

City .....

State .....